Caught in a Huge Log Jam.

"ONE spring we got caught in a log jam on the Saranac River," said E. C. Baker, of Plattsburg, recently, in describing the operations of loggers in the Adirondacks. "A log swung across the verge of the last precipice at High Falls, and over 40,000 pieces became massed in a solid formation there is the narrow gorge. We did not use dynamite in those days, and nothing could be done to break the jam except to cut out the log which held the key to the situation.

"A volunteer was called for, and Henry Martin was the only driver who offered to chop the offending log away. A large rope was thrown across the river and held at either end by men. Martin lashed himself to the rope, was drawn to the centre of the gorge and lowered to the verge of the precipice.

"Martin chopped there for two hours, during which all of us were in a terrible suspense, and then the log snapped in two. The thousands of pieces which were thus released, pushed by the great accumulation of water, went tumbling, thundering and groaning like an avalanche over the precipice.

"As the log snapped Martin gave the signal and the rope was hauled taut by the watchful men on the banks of the river. The logger swung in midair and was pulled ashore amid the welcome plaudits of his comrades."

One of the greatest jams of the Great North Woods was that in the Raquette River in the late seventies. The logs had been cleared from Long Lake, beyond the outlet of Cold River, and were fast approaching the Raquette River falls, where there is a drop of 100 feet or more in a short distance. There are rapids for several hundred feet above the falls, while below there is a sudden bend in the stream as the water sweeps away with smoother surface, always tearing and grinding away the ledge of sandstone one corner of which forms a shelf over the stream.

In its run to the top of the falls the water passes through a gorge about fifty feet high, with sloping walls that mount rapidly to mountainous heights. Here the logs formed a confused mass. They were interwoven and tangled, and the torrent rushed through and over them until it seemed as though the rocky banks must surely be shaken to their foundations.

The drivers worked for four days sharing the dangers alike, and cleared the log jam without accident. But the batteau loaded with the tents, utensils and food for the men, which was being moved down the river in the rear of the logs did not fare so well. It was in charge of some experienced watermen, and the passage of the rough water was always watched with great interest by the loggers. It began to run through the rapid water at the head of the falls when the current caught it and carried it against a rock, where it was capsized.

One of the men in the boat was an experienced swimmer, and he told the other to place his arms about his neck, so that he could then swim with him to the shore. But the water ran too swiftly for the swimmer, and both were carried rapidly toward the falls. It became necessary for the swimmer to disengage himself from his companion, who was hugging him with a death grasp. His effort at first was unsuccessful, and, growing desperate, as they approached the brink of the falls, he pulled his companion partly around in front of him and struck him a tremendous blow on the head. The arms relaxed their grasp about the neck of the struggling swimmer and the unfortunate man was carried down the stream, while the swimmer by a violent effort barely escaped the same fate. He reached the shore in an exhausted condition, where he was pulled from the water by the loggers. The other logger passed over the falls and under the jam of logs. His body was recovered some time afterward and buried on the banks of the Raquette.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Fighting Schoolmaster.

The experience of a college graduate, named Levenworth, who taught for a year in a little Western town, is an example of the way in which a teacher sometimes wins the admiration of his pupils quite unexpectedly.

Levenworth was not a teacher by nature or profession, but, as many men have done, he spent a year teaching to get money enough to help himself through the law school. He was a hearty, clear-minded fellow, who kept rather aloof from the townspeople. The local paper spoke of him as having "had a promising career in college."

Part of this promising career had, as it happened, been spent in athletics. He had learned to box and wrestle, and had won his class championship in the art which, from its unfortunate association with the prize ring, has not so good a reputation among the peaceful as, in its legitimate form, it deserves.

His school was quiet and orderly from the start, but he found it hard work to get on intimate terms with the twenty boys under him. They obeyed at a distance, but did not show much personal friendship for him.

One day at recess, when the school yard was a clamor of voices, the young master hard a sudden lull. Looking out the window he saw the children lined up against the fence watching a teamster, who was stupidly trying to whip his horse up the hill that ran past the school. The wagon was loaded heavily with garden stuff, and the horse was doing his best to no purpose.

Suddenly one of the boys went into the street, and evidently remonstrated with the driver. For answer he got an ugly slash of the whip, and reeled back holding his hands over his eyes.

This was too much for Levenworth. He ran down stairs and out across the playground. Coolly pushing a stone under the wheel with his foot he commanded the teamster, a gaunt, sinewy man, to come off his seat.

The fellow grew hostile at once, and obeyed. Jumping down he approached the schoolmaster, ready and eager for a fight, and heated to dangerous anger by his struggle with the horse.

It was a real, old-fashioned fight, with the power of anger and excitement on one side and skill, backed by those almost infallible allies, right and justice, on the other.

There was enough left of the teamster to drive his horse, while a dozen boys put their shoulders to the wheels and pushed the wagon to the top of the hill.

The pupil whose task it was to ring the bell for the end of recess was a minute late that day. The teacher was late, too. It took him a little time to put his clothes in order and wash his face and hands. Meanwhile the school assembled, not without some noise and excitement, and took their seats. They were subdued and orderly when Levenworth came in and walked to his desk.

Before he had time to be seated, and as if by a preconcerted signal, the pupils began to applaud. Discipline and modesty made the teacher try to stop them. It was useless, so he smiled. Then they cheered. The disorder of the next minute was quite against the rules, but nobody received a black mark on the schoolmaster's deportment book, and after that, to Levenworth's surprise, there was a new and warm friendship in the bearing of the boys toward him.

A Critical Moment.

Sir Edward Malet's "Shifting Scenes" carries the reader to Egypt at a stirring time in the history of the young khedive, and shows how courage won the day for him. When the moment came for the bombardment of Alexandria the young khedive refused to take shelter on board an English man-of-war, saying that his lot lay with his people.

He was khedive in nothing but name, the whole power having passed into the hands of the rebels, and his chances of escape were hardly greater than those of a martyr in a Roman arena before the wild beasts were uncaged. They did not send wild beasts to tear him, but they did send a captain and his company with orders to dispatch him. The wit and presence of mind of the khedive changed what was intended to be the supreme tragedy of the revolution into a comedy.

He saw the band of soldiers coming toward the palace. When they arrived, prepared for resistance, and intending to break in the doors, they found the aide-de-camp of the khedive at the foot of the great staircase. He met them civilly and told them that the khedive was expecting them, and that he had given orders that they should at once be conductd to his presence.

Half-sobered by the unexpected reception, the soldiers mounted the grand staircase and were ushered into the presence of the man they had been sent to murder. He stood alone, calm and unhurried, in the centre of the great reception hall. He at once addressed them, telling them that he knew the errand on which they had come, but that before they carried out their instructions, he, like every man condemned to die, had a right to speak.

To this they agreed, and he proceeded to explain the situation with a quiet good sense that won their attention. He told them that in the long run the greater power must conquer; that as matters stood he had the pledge of the English to maintain him as khedive, but that if he no longer existed, they would be likely to take the country for themselves; and that therefore from a patriotic point of view they had better let him live.

After discussing the matter at some length in this strain, he proceeded to play his last card. He told the officer in charge that he would at once raise him in rank, and confer on him the order of the Medjidie. With regard to the soldiers who accompanied him, he would constitute them his personal body-guard at that moment, as they might already have perceived that he was very much in want of soldiers.

Thus it came about that the little band which had come to kill remained to bless.

His Musical Dog.

Talking of bands, a showman at Barnstaple, in North Devon recently put outside his show the following notice, "Come and see the Musical Dog. Admission, 2d." A good many people, attracted by this invitation, paid the sum and entered the tent, where a big dog, wearing a huge metal collar, was crouching in a corner. After waiting for a while the audience grew impatient and called to the showman, asking when the performance was going to begin. The showman seemed very much surprised at their request and exclaimed, as he edged toward the entrance:

"Why, there's the musical dog!"—pointing to the mastiff. "Can't yer see the brass band round his neck?"—Rochester Post-Express.

THE MAN-O'-WAR'S BELL

VARIOUS USES TO WHICH IT IS PUT ABOARD SHIP.

How the Bell Tells the Time of Day—Nautical Days Begin and End at Noon—It Calls "All Hands to Bury the Dead"—Tolling Bell For Church.

"Strike eight bells!" shouted the officer of the deck on one of the warships a few days ago, and then one of the women visitors remarked: "Oh! this is charming! Have you ever heard the chimes on a navy ship?" The man escort, one of the full of knowledge of nautical knowledge kind, responded: "Oh, yes; I've been a frequent visitor to the ships, for I know so many of the officers, and the chimes are rung beautifully. But they don't have them on all the ships." At that instant the boy to whom the order had been given made eight strokes on the ship's bell, and then all was silent, even the group of visitors who had simply looked inquiringly into one another's faces. But the "chimes" were not referred to.

"Eight bells" does not mean that a ship has that number of bells, but it is a nautical term for the hour. The nautical day begins and ends at noon, when "eight bells" is struck, as it is also at 4 o'clock, 8 o'clock and at midnight. The bell is struck half hourly, one stroke being added each half hour, until eight is reached, when the count begins again. And if one is asked the time on board a navy ship the response would be so many bells and not the hour. The bell is of ordinary size only, but it has a sharp tone, and is hung just forward or abaft the foremast. The captain's orderly usually watches the clock and reports to the officer of the deck what hour it is in number of bells, who then orders the bell struck. But at 8 o'clock in the morning this rule is varied, the orderly reporting to the officer of the deck, "Eight bells, sir!" when the officer replies, "Report to the captain eight bells and chronometers wound." The captain then responds, "Very well; make it so," which the orderly reports to the officer of the deck, who commands the messenger boy of the watch, "Strike eight bells." But if the captain should chance to remain mum and not say, "Make it so," no one would hear the bell strike eight, and the nautical day would be thrown out of joint.

At noon the "eight bells" is not struck until the navigator has corrected the clock, either by his noonday sight for position of the ship when at sea or from his chronometer. If with a fleet or at a naval station the bell must not be struck until that of the senior officer sounds, and the messenger stands by the bell, with clapper in hand, and as soon as the flag officer's bell begins to strike, the bells on the other vessels are struck. When there is a large fleet lying close together the effect is interesting and agreeable, and one might imagine that chimes were being rung.

Every navy in the world, except England, follows the same custom, and England only varies at the "dog watch," from 4 to 8 o'clock in the evening. In these hours the bell strikes every half hour till 6 o'clock, and then at 6.30 one bell is struck, and so on to three bells, at 7.30 o'clock; but eight bells are sounded at 8 o'clock. Tradition gives this reason for this custom: Before the British naval mutinies of 1797 the bells of the ships were struck as in other navies; But in one of those mutinies the signal agreed upon was the stroke of five bells (6.30 p. m.), and at that hour the mutineers rose to slay their officers. Then, when order was restored throughout the navy, the dog watch system of bells was adopted, to allay superstition.

But the ship's bell has other duties than that of keeping the time. It tolls on Sunday mornings for the services of the chaplain or his substitute; also to call "All hands to bury the dead," and it is a fire signal, when rung vigorously, and then the ship's crew takes the positions to which they have been assigned on the first day each has been detailed to the ship. The bell is not used as a fire signal in an engagement, however, for the reason that the crew might become panicstricken, and distracted from the fight; in such cases the fire is reported to the captain, and he dispatches an officer with men to extinguish it. The bell is also used in a fog, and when a ship is at anchor it is struck in threes, with a short interval between each set of strokes. In the use of the bell for these several purposes no confusion is caused. The half hour signals are struck in pairs, with a couple of seconds between each, and if an odd number is to be sounded, the single stroke comes last. The tolling for church is by slow strokes, while those for a fog are in sets of three, and for a fire they follow each other with great rapidity.—New York Tribune.

His Eye Was a Glass One.

A man the other day went to a Boston dentist to have a tooth extracted, and decided to take gas. The doctor administered the hypnotic and the man soon appeared to be under its influence, but he continued to keep one eye open. This worried the doctor, and he gave the man more gas; still the eye remained open. "Shut that eye," said the doctor finally, losing patience. "Can't," said the man in a drowsy voice; "it's glass."

Mule Growing a New Hoof.

Some time ago a mule belonging to John Thompson, a stock dealer, accidentally tore its left hind foot entirely off. The leg was placed in a sling, and the mule is now growing a new hoof. It is about an inch long. —Indianapolis News

POINTS ON RAISING DEER.

A Texas Man Who Says It Can Be Done With Ease and Profit.

O. A. Seward has presented the Fire Department of Brenham, Texas, with a pair of deer which the firemen will place in their beautiful park. Mr. Seward has a private park in connection with his residence, and has been successful in raising deer for several years. He at present has nine head, all fat and healthy.

He stated to the correspondent that deer were as little trouble to raise as sheep, and with proper provision and attention could be raised for the market just as successfully and extensively. He feeds his on common prairie hay and a little shelled corn once a day. He further stated that they ate no grass unless forced to eat it, and he found them useful in keeping down all kinds of weeds and shrubs around his lot. Mr. Seward says further that the prevailing opinion that a fence ten or twelve feet high is required around an inclosure to keep deer is a mistake. When captured half grown and wild they will jump a high fence, but when they are raised on the place a fence four or five feet high is entirely sufficient. More, they will become strongly attached to their native heath, and it is hard to make them leave it. Supporting this assertion, he said somethimes his would escape from his park through a gate accidentally left open, and in a few hours would become so anxious to return that they would leap the fence to get back if the opening through which they made their escape happened to be closed.

The only trouble he has ever had in all the years he has been raising deer was with the old stags. In their old age they become vicious, not only toward people, but with each other as well. Several years ago one of his old stags became so refractory that it was unsafe to the home folks as well as to the herd to keep him. He therefore made the hunters around Brenham a present of him. He was carried to the woods three miles north of town, turned loose, given a good start, and twenty or thirty hounds put on his track. For several hours the woods around town resounded with the cry of hounds and the sound of horns and made the old Texan feel as if the wheel of time had revolved backward, and that the country in respect to game was what it used to be sixty years ago.

Moot Point of Law.

An English writer gives a good example of those quibbles in legal practice that have a sort of fascination for certain minds. Some years ago, while traveling on the Continent, he met the principal lawyer for the government of one of the principalities, who told him of a curious legal question. It had reference to a railway station at the boundary between two principalities.

Some one standing outside the window of the ticket office put his hand through and robbed the till-inside. The boundary line lay between where the thief stood and the till, so that he was actually in one territory, while the crime was committed in the other. Here was a nice nut for the gentlemen learned in the law to crack. Which of the principalities should undertake the prosecution of the culprit?

At it they went in good earnest, and the arguments on either side were long and vehement, till the whole case was embalmed in many volumes. At last one side yielded so far as to say:

"We will permit you, as an act of courtesy, to prosecute, while at the same time reserving all our sovereign rights."

At this point of the recital I asked, "And how did the prosecution end?"

"Ah! that is quite another matter," said my friend. "There was no prosecution; we were only arranging what we should do when we caught the robber; but we never caught him."—Youth's Companion.

Protecting Game in Minnesota.

In Outing, Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., has a notable article on game conditions in Minnesota which will also be read with interest by sportsmen in other States. Mr. Hubbard says:

"The ingenuity displayed by shippers of game is really of a high order. Quail, grouse and prairie chickens cannot be sold lawfully in Minnesota. But they have been shipped from the State in a dozen illegal ways. Once a consignment of rabbits was examined by the officials, and it was found that each rabbit had been opened, and sewed up again after a quail had been placed inside. Likewise quail and other forbidden birds were found in cans labeled condensed milk, in bales of hay and in bedding.

"Mr. Hubbard hopes that some sort of co-operation by the Government can be arranged which will prevent game slaughter by the Indians. There are a number of reservations in Minnesota. From these the braves are stealing at all seasons to kill game. Indians are hard men to keep track of, and their influence is bad, for settlers are reluctant to obey laws when Indians violate them with impunity."

Mere Opinion.

The millennium will have arrived when street railway companies begin receiving conscience money from people who rode without paying their fares.

After a girl has been referred to in print as a "beauty" it is pretty hard to get her to return to the old belief that life is a dreary waste.

When a woman begins to have a double chin she ceases to hate to recognize her grandchildren in public.

The rich old man who had only $10 in his pocket when he was married, always thinks his daughter deserves something much better than her mother got.—Chicago Record-Herald.

French scientific journals report that a small room renews its air through the walls in an hour, with twenty-five degrees difference between the outdoor and inner temperature.

An automobile truck is now employed for moving iron safes. It has two propelling motors and a third elevates the safe to its place in the building. It requires three men and six and a half minutes to place a safe on a seventh floor. Formerly it required eight men two and a half hours.

It is reported from Vienna that a resident of that place, named August Matitsch, has devised a lacemaking machine, which is said to produce lace which is indistinguishable from the hand-made article. Many attempts have, we believe, been made to construct such a machine, but heretofore without success. It is now believed, however, that a machine has been devised which will be practically successful, and will supersede hand labor in this work.

One of the German electrical papers recently described an electrical plant in Norway for the manufacture of turf coal. It is stated that about fifty tons of turf are treated daily. The plant consists of twelve retorts, or furnaces, in which the heat is produced electrically. Turf which has previously been pressed to free it from the greater parts of its moisture is distilled in these furnaces, producing a number of by-products, as well as a very pure turf charcoal, which may be used as a substitute for charcoal of wood, or for pit coal. The by-products are a gas suitable for heater purposes, a tar residue from which ammonium sulphate and methylacohol are obtained, a gas oil and some paraffine.

An ingenious device is now successfully used in France by which the speed of a train may be seen at any moment by the engineer. It consists of a centrifugal pump driven by one of the locomotive axles, which sends water from the tender into a small cylinder. There the water raises a piston against the pressure of a spring, and moves up or down in proportion to the speed of the train. An automatic registering device records the varying speed, so that its rate may be read at any moment by the engine-driver, or engineer, as we call him in this country. This device is also a safety appliance, for when the speed rises above a fixed limit the piston acts upon a lever, which throws on the air brakes.

The fire-resisting qualities of concrete, when enforced with steel, as used in modern factory construction, were recently tested in a fire occurring in a large New Jersey manufacturing plant. The walls, which were four stories high and 150 feet long, were built entirely of concrete, strengthened by embedded steel, the floors and columns being of similar construction. The fire started in a wooden elevator shaft and burned this and a few wooden stairways and the roof, but owing to the absence of inflammable material it never became a very "hot fire." With the exception of the destruction of a panel or two in the floors, where particularly heavy loads were concentrated, and the burning of the roof, which was entirely of wood, no damage was done to the building.

How Convicts Kill Time.

It is at once interesting and pathetic to go through the cells of the Eastern Penitentiary and to note the object which, with tedious pains, the prisoners have made to while the time away. Here a mantel will be hung with a lambrequin, elaborately fringed, the fine knots and delicate patterns of the threads comparing with the work of the French lacemakers. The lambrequin is of an odd blue hue, and the visitor is told that it is made of an old pair of prison trousers. On a little gilt bracket is a small stuffed animal. The bracket, so delicately turned, is of newspapers pasted together and gilded, and the animal is a rat, caught in a home made trap, stuffed with rags, and with pieces of chewing gum, colored with shoe blacking, for its eyes. A wall is completely covered with a really artistic decoration of reeds, on which are perched at least 200 birds, each accurately colored and drawn. There are also numberless checker boards and sets of chessmen that, in the delicacy of their inlay work and in the intricacy of their carving, would do honor to the craftsmen of the Orient.—Philadelphia Record.

The Disadvantages of Heroism.

It would be a good thing if in our public schools courses in heroism to teach our boys and girls that, after all, while heroism is a fine thing and a great thing, it is a most uncomfortable thing, and that possibly, on the whole, the best and most lasting work that is accomplished in life comes from a steady application of one's best energies to a noble purpose, meeting with honest and patient effort the emergencies and vexations of daily life, and holding true to the middle course which assures success without bringing notoriety. A fixed purpose to do well that which one has to do will in the end bring laurels of more permanent value to the world at large, and to the unheralded hand that achieves its purpose, than those which are even worthily bestowed upon the brow of him who avails himself of an unusual chance in an abnormal fashion.—Harper's Weekly.

The Modern Financier.

It is a pleasant place, this earth,
I'm glad I chanced to try it.
It can't cost more than it is worth,
And so I guess I'll buy it.
—Washington Star.

The Idea.

Father—"Marie, I wish you would ask that young Perkins why he doesn't go home earlier."

Daughter—"What an idea, papa!—just as if he doesn't know!"—Puck.

His Bill.

"Your young nephew William appears to think he knows much more than he really does know."

"Yes, he is a Bill that is stuck up, but not a Bill that is posted."—Boston Transcript.

A Deadlock

"When are you coming down?"

"Er—when are you goin' away?"—New York Journal.

Truth's Chances.

William—"The idea of his calling his book an historical novel! It doesn't agree with history even in the slightest particular."

Frederick — "And so may be quite true."—Boston Transcript.

A Delicate Point.

"It seems to make Scaddington's wife as mad as a hornet every time he boasts that he began at the foot and worked his way up."

"Well, he started in as a bootblack, you know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Sympathy There.

"I am going to marry your daughter, sir," said the positive young man to the father.

"Well, you don't need to come to me for sympathy," replied the father. "I have troubles of my own."—Ohio State Journal.

A Careful Opinion.

"Our party has a great future," said the political enthusiast.

"Well," answered the pessimist. "There isn't any doubt about its future being all right as to quantity. But I don't know about the quality."—Washington Star.

A Justifiable Conclusion.

"I don't think a prince is any better than the average man," said the somewhat violent statesman.

"Well, if your opinion of the average man isn't any better than that which you express of the prince you must be a very misanthropic person."—Washington Star.

The Truthful Debtor.

Long—"Say, Short, I'd like to have that $10 you borrowed of me three months ago."

Short—"Sorry, old man, but I can't give it to you at the present writing."

Long—"But you said you wanted it for a little while only."

Short—"Well, I gave it to you straight. I didn't keep it half an hour."—Chicago News.

His Descendants.

"It is a shame," remarked the Duchess of Broadacres, "to see you thus squander your noble patrimony."

"A truce to complaints!" said the Duke. "Will I not leave my title to my descendants? If they are in need, let them marry heiresses!"

And, in a bold hand, he appended his signature to another mortgage.—Brooklyn Life.

Accommodating.

"Do you serve lobsters here?"

"Yes, sir. What will you have?"—Life.

Has Been.

An Englishman went into a restaurant in a New England town and was served for his first course with a delicacy unknown to him. So he asked the waiter what it was and the waiter replied:

"It's bean soup," sir," whereupon the Englishman in high indignation responded:

"I don't care what it's been; I want to know what it is!" — Philadelphia Times.